

perceptibly, she had dropped her "ma'm" to the mistress.

The Germans have a good word. "Drang" is the word. To translate it, one needs a whole vocabulary, whole phrases. It means a pressing, internal warring, longing straining forward, putting forth effort, urging on earnestly.

It is a good word to use in this connection, because it idealises Bertha's hand stretching a little crudely towards the dollars.

Charlie, put down in the middle of the great woods, in the greater country, with his leather leggings, short pipe, shaven face, vacant smile, and sly thirst for small beer, caught the jingle of coin.

The sound made him sullen until Bertha showed him the way out.

This is a story, with modifications, many times repeated.

The transplanting into new soil brings human abilities and disabilities to quicker fruition.

If anyone had told these two people, each with excellent characters from their last places in their pockets, what was going to be their line of conduct at the end of six months, they would have called themselves by bad names. Yet, when the time came, they buried their scruples without a pang, and stretched eager hands towards other things.

They got to the limit of the man's capacity in a short time. The flourish lasted until he found his level. The new level was just a little above the old